

THE NUR AF'SHAN

Vol. 15

LEEDS—March 23rd, 1905

No. 11

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, March 22.

A Russian telegram from Moscow, dated 22.3.05 at 11.15 a.m., states that the Russian army is now moving on to the north-east, leaving the town of Makhov. An agreement is pending in the north-east.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

"A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died ;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Has risen glorified."

The language debate proceeds apace. The champions for the Nagri and the Gurmukhi are now to the front. We shall soon be ready to discuss the merits of Volapuk. The matter is however, one of great importance, but one that is incapable of literary manipulation. The Urdu language seems to be in the lead so far as North India is concerned. The following from an article in the *Civil and Military Gazette* from the pen of Dr. Weitbrecht is worthy of thoughtful consideration, and seems to us to point to the inevitable triumph of Urdu for the Panjab at least. Dr. Weitbrecht writes as follows:—

"Leaving aside Hindi, the fact remains that Urdu is a genuine product of India's political and social development. Its formation dates from the time when India for the first time since Asoka became, to some extent, a nation under its great Moghal rulers. Each of their great cities had its own camp or cantonment known by the Turki name of Urdu. In Delhi was the Urdu-e-Nau'ala or Chief Camp. Around this and similar centres the needs of intercourse between rulers and ruled gradually developed a fresh language, as the Persian court language of the Mughals already interspersed with Arabic by their religion, was grafted on the Brij Bhasha of that region, and this tongue became known as Urdu. The class, however, who probably did most for the development of Urdu, was the Hindu Kayasth or writer caste of Delhi, from whom a large proportion of the Mughal minor officials were taken. These men, well versed in Persian, helped to weld the two languages in the sphere of administration while the poets of the 17th and 18th centuries did the same in the realm of letters. It was not till the 19th century that Urdu prose began to develop. Naturally it received a mighty impulse, early in the century when it was selected as the language of the courts and schools of North India outside of Bengal. It has passed through the same stages as our own English, the speech of the conquered peasant has been softened and refined by the polished idiom of the conqueror, but has assimilated what he brought, without losing its own character. The men who chose it for the court and school tongue of North India did well, and even better than they realised. It is now the *lingua franca* of common intercourse throughout the Empire; spoken and read by the educated Muham-

madan everywhere, be it in Bengal, Madras or Bombay; and owing to its history it is of all Indian languages probably the best fitted to receive and assimilate the new English element which is very slowly finding its way into the speech of the people."

The further question of the ultimate character to be used for the Urdu language continues also to be discussed. Some writers think the Persian character will continue its sway; others believe that by and by the Roman character will secure supremacy. Still others think the Nagri character will reassert itself. Years have gone by since the Arabic type had a trial. We believe that clearness and accuracy of expression together with simplicity of form and economy of space will unite to set the Roman character upon the typographical throne.

The marvelous character of the weather has called for much discussion. Some have declared that the Day of Judgement is at hand. Others are satisfied to regard it as a calamity falling upon a wicked generation. The scientific world has been gazing at the sun with its telescopes and we are told that the largest spots ever seen are now visible upon the sun's disc. The *Civil and Military Gazette* gives the following on the authority of the *Daily Telegraph*:

"There is now visible on the sun one of the largest spots ever seen upon the solar disc. It was brought into view on Saturday by the sun's rotation, and seems to have been evolved from a group of smaller spots that were seen in the early part of the month in a portion of the solar surface which left our view on the 14th inst. The appearance at present is that of a closely-packed string of spots, extending over six degrees of solar latitude—the centre being about 15 deg. south of the sun's equator. At present it is, of course, near the eastern edge, and probably will be seen by the unaided eye. The latest views on the subject affirm that though sun spots and magnetic storms are associated phenomena, still it is possible for a spot to occur without any corresponding outbreak of earth magnetism, and it will be interesting, except to the practical telegraphists, who may find their work interrupted, to note if a coincidence of the two phenomena happens, as it may, when the spot comes to the centre of the disc."

The Plague seems to be reappearing in many of our Panjab towns. At present the disease seems to be exceedingly virulent owing partly to the cold, cloudy and damp weather, preventing the people from encamping in the open fields. It seems that men become accustomed

to anything and fall into careless habits. It is now easy to neglect the precautions taken last year. This should not be. Experience shows the value of emigration from infected houses and neighbourhoods to the open fields. We have all seen the value of careful sanitary precautions, the importance of having near by the phenyl bottle or the red dust and above all the importance of personal cleanliness. We should not forget these lessons.

IT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE

By Mrs. S. R. GRAHAM CLARK.

My precious little boy loves to hold fast my hand, until he falls asleep. And, sometimes, when I cannot rest at night, I reach across to his small cot and take his little palm in mine for the comfort and companionship it gives. And often thus I sleep to sleep. So we seem to need each other. Shall I dare to write it? I have thought it—do I resemble God in this? Does "Our Father" want my hand as much as I need His? Was I not patterned after Him? Adam was. Does not the best in our poor mortal body bear some faint resemblance to His image? Is not a mother's best her mother love?

I think if I should miss that little palm and could not find it, I might mourn longer and more sorely than my boy would mourn the loss of mine; for I am his mother. And does God miss me more than I miss Him? Does He mourn more, longer when I am not where His hand can hold mine close than I do when He seems afar?

If the baby hand I missed were cold in death, my heart would have to ache—it is so foolish—even though I know a Stronger and a Truer palm than mine held it fast. But what if it were black, not cold? Not grave hidden, but crime-hardened and forgetful of my seeking touch? Ah, God, be pitiful! I who have wounded Thee so oft and strayed far I beg Thee of pure grace to spare my heart the pain I brought to Thine.

I meant it not. I wist it not. We mortals are so dull we hardly understand how sorely the tender Father heart of God can grieve until in our turn and our poor measure we too have come to bear love's loss to feel what sorely is not realized or meant by those who press the burden on our aching hearts. In such an hour grant that we faint not, fail not them or Thee but pray, as did Thy One Begotten Son "Father, forgive them, they know not—they know not."—*New York Observer*.

All providences are doors to trials. Even our mercies, like roses, have their thorns. Our mountains are not too high, and our valleys are not too low, for temptations trials lurk on all roads. Everywhere, above and beneath, we are beset and surrounded with dangers. Yet no shower falls unpermitted from the threatening cloud; every drop has its order ere it hastens to the earth. The trials which come from God are sent to prove and strengthen us.—*Spurgeon*.

A man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than another by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched, accidentally even, re-sound with sweet music.—*Phillips Brooks*.

A SPIRITUAL BODY.

Webster's definition of "body" is: "The material organized substance of an animal, as distinguished from the spirit." And his definition of "spirit" is: "Vital energy or force as distinguished from matter." And yet Paul writes, in 1 Cor. xv. 44: "It shall be raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body; there is a spiritual body." How are we to understand this seeming paradox? The apostle appears to be telling us about a bodiless body. One of the best explanations, I have seen is that of Dr. William Hearn. He says:

The weakness, the dishonor, the corruptibility of the present body is to be exchanged for the power, the glory, the incorruptibility of a body so very different from the present that to express the difference the apostle has to use language bordering upon the self-contradictory, and to call it, as distinguished from the existing one, a spiritual body.

Though our mortal bodies are frail, we appreciate how valuable, nay, how indispensable they are to the soul, or the spiritual nature in this life. How could we do anything if we had no hands? The will without the nerves and muscles would be helpless. It is by our bodily forms and features that we know each other; and it is by the bodily organs that we hold intercourse with each other. The idea of a bodiless existence in a world of shades is chilling. And, hence, we find comfort in this revelation of a spiritual body—not a future of deathless habitation for the spirit which will be adapted to the wants of its higher nature; that this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality. Dr. Alexander MacLaren says:

The perfection of man is body, soul and spirit. That is man as God made him. The spirit perfected without the bodily life, is but part of the whole. For the spirit world we have the firm basis laid that it too will be, in a real sense a material world, where men are to possess bodies as they did before, only bodies through which the spirit shall work. Conscious of no disproportion, bodies which shall be fit servants and adequate organs of the immortal souls within, bodies which shall never break down, bodies which shall never have in or refuse to obey the spirits that dwell within them, but which shall add to their power and deepen their blessedness, and draw them closer to the God whom they serve, and the Christ after the likeness to whose glorious body they are fashioned and conformed.

There will be a connection between the mortal and spiritual bodies, though the apostle emphasizes the contrast by saying that the one is sown in corruption, dishonor and weakness, and the other is raised in incorruption, glory and power. And he explains the identity by a familiar fact in nature. You plant a grain of corn. It seems to die in the ground. But there is a germ in it that survives, that grows, and ere long there is a stalk ten feet high, with many leaves and with ears containing a thousand kernels of just such corn as you planted. If you plant any special variety of corn, it is that which you reap. And so, as every seed has its own body (1 Cor. xv. 38), each of us will have a spiritual growth that we, and all who knew us, will recognise. It will not be the mortal body raised in its entirety, for "flesh or blood can not inherit the kingdom of God"; but it will be the development of the germ of immortality that is in each mortal body, and which death, even the burning of the body to ashes, can not destroy.

How full of comfort and of hope is this revelation of a spiritual body! We shall not lose our identity, but we will have a body adapted to a state of being in which there is no



more weakness or pain or death—a body in which the glorified spirit will perhaps be able to go from star to star, and to gaze undazzled upon the face of him that sitteth upon the throne. Almost limitless are the possibilities of knowledge, of power and of blessedness in such a body.

Presbyter and Herald.

HE PAID THE DEBT AND MADE ME FREE.

By DR. G. F. PESTHOOF.

Some years ago I was told this incident by a bank cashier in America. A man came one day to the bank and presented a cheque made payable to "bearer" and asked it to be cashed. It was a cheque for a considerable amount, and the cashier examined it carefully, and then asked the man where he had obtained it. To which he replied:—

"I do not see why that should concern you. Is it not made payable to bearer?"

"Certainly," said the cashier.

"Is not the cheque a genuine one?"

"Yes, the cheque is perfectly good; the signature is all right."

"Has the drawer of this cheque no money on deposit out of which you can pay?" queried the visitor.

"Yes," again replied the cashier, "the drawer of this cheque has enough money on deposit in this bank to pay many such cheques as this."

"Then why do you not pay it to me, seeing I present it in due form? It is none of your business where or how I got this cheque, since it is payable to bearer; you have nothing to do with me, but only with the cheque. If that is genuine and the signature good, and the drawer of the cheque has money on deposit, this is his order that the money be paid to bearer."

"All that is very true," said the cashier, "nor do I wish to seem extra official in my duty. I do not know how you came to possess this cheque; nor do I for a moment question that you came by it rightfully. I only wish to point out to you a fact revealed to me on examination. Here, in the middle of the cheque, is a peculiarly-shaped and clear-cut hole. That hole was made by this little instrument (showing it to the man). This instrument is used to cancel cheques which have once been over the counter of the bank and paid. This cheque has once before been presented and cashed. This fact is testified by this peculiar hole, which exactly corresponds with this die. In due course the cheque was returned to the drawer of it. He may have lost it, or it may have been stolen from him. I do not for a moment intimate that you came by it wrongfully, it may have been paid to you or bought by you in a perfectly innocent way so far as you are concerned; I only desire to you that the cheque has once been paid, that it is cancelled, and is therefore worthless. It has no power or authority henceforth."

With this explanation the man took back the cheque and left the bank. The handwriting on it had been cancelled.

So of the law and ordinances of God-driven against us, demanding the payment of death for all our sins. Our Lord Jesus Christ has met these demands, taken up these ordinances, and paid them. They were "nailed to his cross" and cancelled by His blood. Sometimes the devil presents these old cancelled ordinances which were against us, and contrary to us, and demands that we pay them again. We point to the hole in them, through which they were nailed to the cross, and triumphantly refuse to pay or to be held responsible under them any longer.

OUT OF THE PRISON.

When Nicholas I became Emperor of Russia, his first task was to put down a formidable rebellion among the aristocracy of his realm, says "The Youth's Companion." Many nobles who were simply suspected were thrown into prison. One, who was innocent, was by nature a man of fiery temper. His wrongful arrest infuriated him, and he raved like a wild animal. Day after day, brooding over his treatment, he would stamp and shriek.

No quiet came to him save in the intervals of exhaustion that followed his fits of rage. A visit from a venerable clergyman, on the ninth day of his confinement, produced no softening effect. The good man's prayer was heard with silent contempt.

As soon as his visitor was gone the angry nobleman kicked the Bible, which he had left, into a corner. What to him was the Word of God, who let tyrants abuse him? But when the terrible loneliness of succeeding days had nearly crazed him, he sought up the Bible and opened it, and his first glance fell on the middle of the Fifty-first Psalm: "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee." The text surprised and touched him, but his pride resented the feeling and he dropped the book.

The next day desperation drove him again to the only companion of his solitude, and from that time he read the Bible constantly. Then he began to study it and commit whole chapters to memory. The study of the Saviour's life and death totally changed him. He saw himself a fellow-prisoner with the Christ who was unjustly accused and slain.

Revengeful hate gave way, and the spirit of a martyr took its place. Like the persecuted Christians shut up in the Roman catacombs, he forgave his enemies. The shadows of wrong and death vanished in the new light that shone upon him from beyond.

Madame Dubois, once a beloved prison missionary in New York, from whose writings this story is taken, was in Russia when the condemned man's aunt and sister, with whom she was visiting, received a letter which was believed to be his last. It was the outpouring of an exalted soul, superior to fate.

He had undergone his trial, and, unable to prove his innocence, had been sentenced to death. On the day for his execution, while the women of his mansion walked in tears through the crag-hung parlors, suddenly at the door the sight of their doomed kinsman himself astonished them.

It was an unlooked-for deliverance at the last moment. When the jailer's key unlocked the prisoner's cell, the Czar of Russia stood before him. A conspirator's intercepted letter had placed the innocence of the suspected nobleman beyond question, and the Czar made what amends he could for the long imprisonment and suffering by bestowing upon him a splendid estate and a general's commission.

Seventy-five years have passed since then, and with them the life of the almost martyred Russian; but the fruits of his devout fidelity and kindness among his fellow-men, the hospital he built for the sick and friendless—and the very Bible he was shut up with to his own distress—still bear witness to a consecration that was worth all its personal cost.

God-fear does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good.—*Landor.*

THE BOY ORGANIST.

A boy, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, towering castles, cloisters hid away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomlessness stirring the boy's heart like some vast cathedral. They stopped at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ he had ever seen, and his face lighted up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy, "let me play!" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when his father had filled the great bellows, the little organist stood upon the pedals. How the deep tones wake the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great unseen creature, roaring for very joy at the entrance of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened! Some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed, but when they looked up into the organ loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones massed themselves in new harmonies, and the stone arches thrilled with their power.

"It is the devil," cried one of the monks, drawing closer to his companions and giving a scared look over his shoulder at the aisle.

"It is a miracle," said another. But when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal and at the same time clutching of the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing, besides; his eyes beamed and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind harp, and all was still. The boy was Wolfgang A. Mozart. Do you know who he was?—The Children's Friend.

UNKNOWN IN CASTILE.

In Castile I found no Castile soap. They did not know what I meant; they had never heard of Castile soap. This irritated me, so I began investigating the castile soap problem. I learned—or was told—that Castile soap is not made in Castile; is not sold in Castile; is not used in Castile; that it is made in Marseilles out of olive oil imported from Palestine. Thus we note this strange anomaly—the name given to a soap comes from a country which knows naught of this particular soap, it is manufactured in a city using little or no soap, out of material coming from a country which uses no soap at all.—Jerome Hart in Argonaut.

The true Christian studies the happy art of making the most of everyone with whom he is thrown in contact—of recognising in each soul and of eliciting from it that feature of heart and mind in which stands the relationship of that particular soul to God. It is this true self of our neighbour which we are required to love.—Edward M. Goulburn.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

The reward of the inventor who can produce artificial diamonds is so tempting that the Holman experiments with the electric furnace, which were inaugurated some eight or ten years ago, have been continued until the present day. They are now being carried on in the laboratory of the Sorbonne, in Paris.

The first diamonds made by the electric furnace were of microscopic size and few in number.

As the work continued various modifications were worked out as the experience of the investigators became greater, until now success seems imminent. The crystals are positively known to partake of all the characteristics of the diamond in crystalline structure, hardness and chemical composition.

The largest crystal yet obtained is only one-half of a millimetre in length, and while this is only a spark, it indicates that the process is capable of yielding diamonds of good quality, and that some day in the not distant future the laboratory process of Mother Nature, as exemplified in the Rhod, may be duplicated in man's laboratory and in a commercial way.—Chicago Journal.

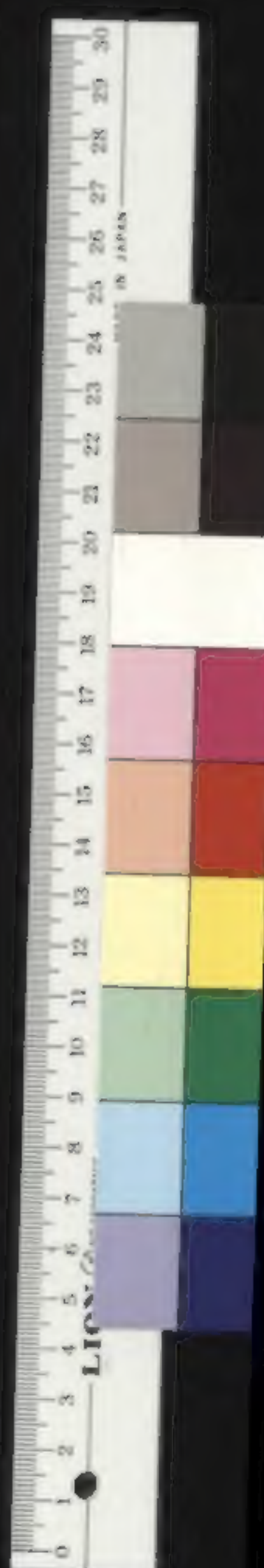
MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY ALICE MATTHEW SIMON.

All things work for good together
Since we know and love the Lord,
Joy and sorrow, wind and weather,
Not fail his mighty word,
While we learn the lesson sweet
Of dependence on his feet.
Called and guided by the Spirit,
We are made the sons of God,
Grace and glory to inherit.
Bought with Jesus' precious blood,
While we Abba, Father, cry,
In our glorious liberty.
Who shall separate us ever
From the love of Christ our Lord?
Trial and distress can never
Cause to fail his gracious Word,
We shall more than conquerors be
Here and through eternity.
Pascale, N. J.

Suffering and pain are the two ushering angels which lead us over our path of trial into Paradise. After a while, all our sorrows turn to joy, and we are privileged even with earthly eyes, to see the King in his beauty, within our hearts and homes, upon the hill-crooks of time.

Wild ignorance is in itself wild sin, and the evil which comes of it is without excuse. Let each man who desires to be holy, have a holy watchfulness in his heart, and his Holy Bible before his open eye.—Spurgeon.



MAY SAFELY VENTURE TO ANY ALTITUDE.

The difficulties of respiration at high altitudes have attended many mountain climbers and explorers and the theory advanced in explanation has been that this trouble was caused by the reduced tension of the oxygen in the atmosphere.

Professor Mosso, an Italian scientist, has recently disproved this theory by showing that if the pressure of the mixture of oxygen and nitrogen making up ordinary air be reduced to one-third of an atmosphere, and then the proportion of oxygen be increased so that its partial pressure is the same as normal, the mixture is breathed with convenience accompanied by an abnormal respiration and pulse.

By taking supplies of pure oxygen and mixtures of gases to the summit of Monte Rosa and analyzing the blood it was shown, however, that a diminution in the amount of carbon dioxide in the air, due to the low pressure, was doubtless responsible for much of the trouble in respiration. Proof of this was afforded by breathing a mixture of 80 per cent of oxygen and 20 per cent of carbon dioxide on top of Monte Rosa, with a feeling of pleasure and ease, while the effect of the same mixture near the sea level in Turin was to produce giddiness and vomiting.

If this discovery is substantiated by further experiments it seems that by the carrying of cylinders containing this mixture of gases the highest mountain peaks can be scaled, while the mere provision of oxygen is of doubtful utility. —Chicago Chronicle.

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

BY FRANCIS L. KEELER.

At home or away, in alley or street,
Wherever I chance in this wild world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, a boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly, "It is some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold,
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whispers softly, "Ah! some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she hath strayed,
No matter what broadsides danger hath made,
No matter what element enkindled the fear,
Though tarnished and soiled, she is "some mother's girl."

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been,
No matter how deep he is smitten in sin,
No matter how in his standard of joy,
Though guilty and loathsome, he is "some mother's boy."

That head hath been pillowed on tenderest breast,
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been
pressed,
That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and mild,
For his sake, deal gently with "some mother's child."

To be to our world as God is to his, to work as perpetual-
ly and calmly as he works, that is the real thing that we
pray for when we ask for one another the "peace of God."
—Phillips Brooks.

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While I was in England on furlough, Dr. Westbrecht made enquiries as to the cost of printing this book, and wrote saying it would be about £40. This sum was collected by the kind help of two friends, the donors being C. E. Z. M. S. R. I. S. and private friends. The C. V. S. and Z. B. M. H. were asked to contribute, but could not for lack of funds. When I returned to India last autumn, I submitted the MSS. of the book to the Printing firm with whom Dr. Westbrecht had been in communication. They, after examining the work, said it could not be printed for less than Rs. 1500/- for 500 copies. Rs. 900/- (£60) having been collected in England, there is still a sum of Rs. 600/- required, before the work can be put in hand. The price of the book will be Rs. 3/- per copy; and I am writing to ask all who wish to possess it, to trust me so far as to send me as soon as possible the price of as many copies as they want, plus eight annas postage for each copy, and I will undertake D. V. to send them their copies whenever the book is ready. If any feel disposed to send more than the price of the books they want, I shall be most grateful, so that the needed sum may be collected as soon as possible. I shall require in each case the name and full address of the contributors with the number of copies wanted, so that no mistakes may arise afterwards.

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